HORATIO WALKER

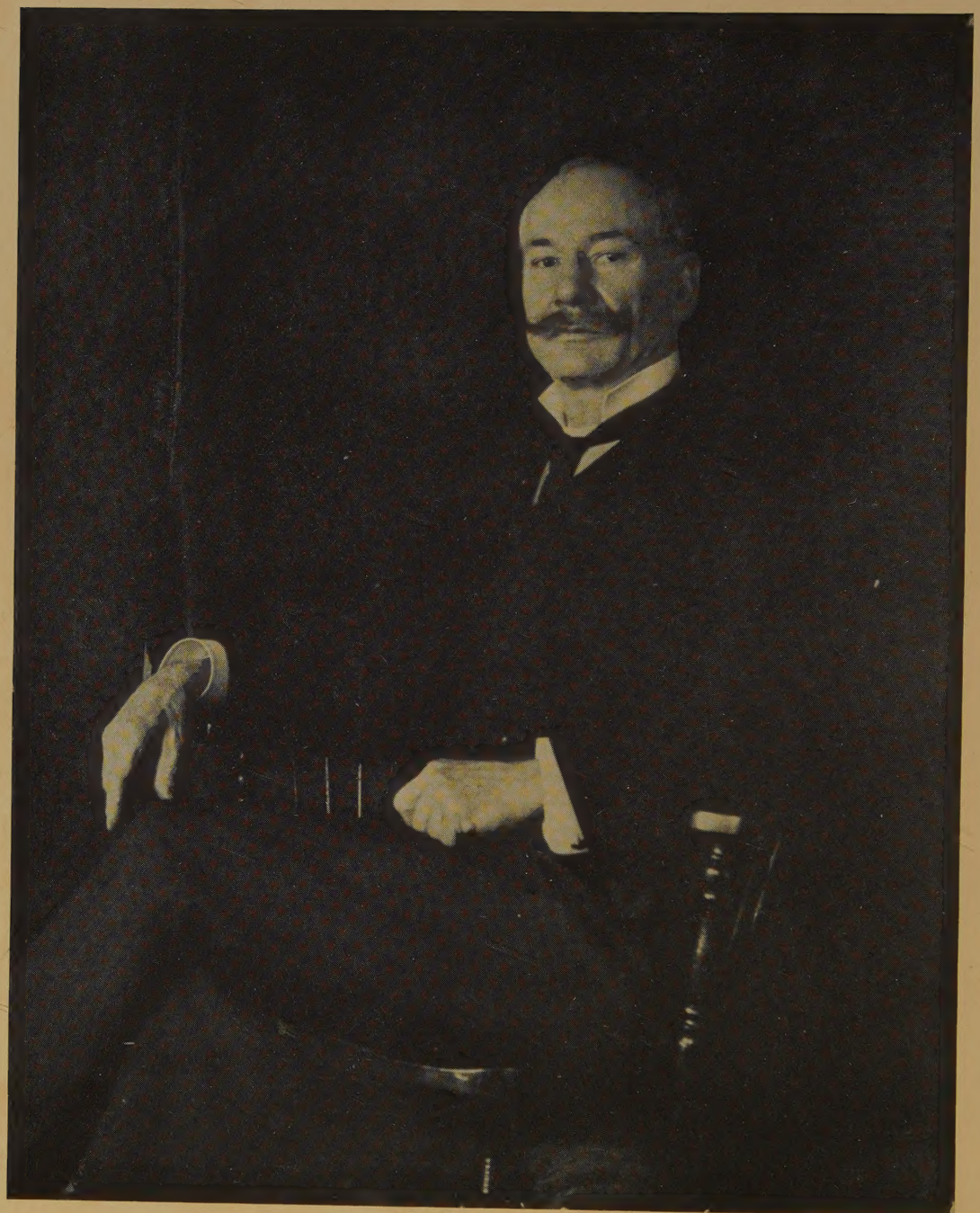
H54

PIBAL 251

Wa
2555

From
Franklin Price

HORATIO WALKER



HORATIO WALKER

25585
92
W
153

PALM BEACH ART LEAGUE, INC.

HORATIO WALKER

LL.D. S.A.A. N.A. R.I. R.C.A.

by F. NEWLIN PRICE

Author of

ANDERSON; *The Fragrance of Life*
LAWSON; *The Palette of Crushed Jewels*
DAVIES; *The Absolute*
WEIR; *The Great Observer*
REDFIELD; *Winterlocked Nature*

931

251

NEW YORK & MONTREAL
LOUIS CARRIER & CO
1928

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY F. NEWLIN PRICE

PRINTED
IN
U.S.A.

THE MARCHBANKS PRESS, NEW YORK

CONTENTS

Horatio Walker	*Frontispiece*
Turning the Harrow—Early Morning, *Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.*	1
Shepherdess, *Ferargil Galleries*	2
Feeding the Turkeys, *Collection Horatio S. Rubens*	3
Faggot Gatherer, *Owned by Mr. Rasinger, New York*	4
Lock at Night, *M. Horatio de Maurice Collection*	5
Hauling the Log, *John F. Braun, Esq. Collection*	6
Horses at the Trough, *From a Private Collection*	7
Morning—Ile D'Orleans, *Art Gallery of Toronto*	8
Golden Dew, *Detroit Museum*	9
Oxen Drinking, *National Gallery, Ottawa, Canada*	10
Ave Maria, *Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.*	11
Turkeys, *Burton Mansfield, Esq. Collection*	12
Milk Maid—Ile D'Orleans, *From a Private Collection*	13
A Canadian Pastoral, *Carnegie Institute*	14
The Wood Cutters, *City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.*	15
Ice Cutters, *Mr. S. F. Smithers Collection*	16
Little White Pigs and Mother, *Ferargil Galleries*	17
First Snow, *Gwathmey Collection*	18
The Turkey Girl, *Ferargil Galleries*	19
Winter, *Ferargil Galleries*	20
Turkeys in the Field, *Water Color*	21
Maple Sugar Harvest, *Ferargil Galleries*	22
The Rainbow, *Water Color*	23
Milking on the Batture, *Water Color*	24
Potato Pickers, *A. M. Dodsworth Collection*	25

Unloading Hay Boat, *Water Color* 26
La Rencontre, *Mrs. D. H. Reese Collection* 27
Mare and Foal, *Macbeth Galleries* 28
Morning Ste. Petronille, *Ferargil Galleries* 29
The Royal Mail (*Ice-Bridge, Quebec*) 30
Spring Forage, *Ferargil Galleries* 31
Hauling Wood, *Morse Collection* 32
De Profundis, *St. Agnes R. C. Church, N. Y.* 33
Sheep Shearers, *From the Collection of Mr. M. H. B.* 34
Deo Gratias 35
Oxen Ploughing, *Milch Galleries* 36
Celestin, *In the Quebec Museum* 37
La Traite Du Matin, *Quebec Museum* 38

Horatio Walker, Ile d'Orleans, Quebec, Canada-Born Listowel, Ontario, Canada, 1858; came to New York in 1885. Member: Associate National Academy of Design, N. Y. 1890; member: National Academy of Design, N.Y. 1891; Society of American Artists, N.Y. 1887; National Institute of Arts and Letters; Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolors, England; American Water Color Society, N. Y.; Salmagundi Club, N. Y.; Artist Fund Society, N. Y.; Artists Aid Society; Rochester Art Club. Awards: Gold medal, competitive exhibition at American Art Galleries, N.Y., 1887; Evans prize, American Water Color Society, 1888; bronze medal, Paris Exposition, 1889; gold medal and diploma, Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893; gold medal, Pan American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; gold medal, Charleston Exposition, 1902; gold medal for oil and gold medal for water colors, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; gold medal of honor, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1906; first prize, Worcester, 1907; gold medal, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915; Hudnut prize, American Water Color Society, 1920. Work: "The Harrower—Morning", "The Harrower" and "The Sheepfold", Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.; "Ave Maria", Corcoran Gallery, Washington; "The Wood Cutter" and "Milking—Evening", City Museum, St. Louis; "Sheep Shearing", Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo; "Sheepyard—Moonlight" National Gallery, Washington; "Moonrise—A Canadian Pastoral", Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, etc.

From "Who's Who"

HORATIO WALKER

PARTISAN of no recent day is this painter of the North. He sings of olden times, thatched roofs and bitter pioneer winters. Not in fifty years have Indians and trappers beaten the trail from the deep Canadian woods, over the hills on snowshoes, or by the stream in birch-bark canoes, down to the silver flood of the St. Lawrence, selling furs to the Hudson Bay Company at Quebec. Fast disappearing, children primeval recede as slowly the tide of modern toys of comfort has gone to meet them. Steel rails twist through the hills, by the streams are farms marked out, and cities are built upon the cliffs, high monuments of granite. The saw-mill topples the forest's highest spires. Frontiers vanish; the hills move back. Those haunts untamed of Horatio Walker's art fade out and leave his paintings as documents of history and art—authentic documents of peasant life against an unstained sky, of a people of simple faith and rugged health, ruddy and buxom and wholesome, nurtured in the crystal air and the clear, cold dawn. This art of Walker gives us record. Cattle, whose hardihood is seen in draftsmanship that we find in no one else, that is peculiarly his own—he draws them in, swine and Percheron and their confessor peasant who stands by or trudges on, bringing in the winter timber, or a fair milkmaid at a milk platform, or some proud mother of precocious pigs that seem to meditate that wild, whirling flight that only little pigs enjoy, to speed away un-

steered in one amazing flash of physical abandon. *These things he paints in glorious colorful corners of nature's world—an old orchard or a tree-bowered fence line.*

There were, years ago, two brothers who came from England into the West, laden, quite heavily for those days, with gold and other wealth; came toward the setting sun, dreaming adventure and conquest; came from Yorkshire seventy years ago. One of these men was Thomas Walker, father of Horatio. Nine weeks of sailing brought thèm across the ocean, to land in Quebec, where nice gentlemen, taking their money in exchange for timber lands, accommodatingly shipped them into a dominion of pine trees, great pillars of trees, miles of forest. Undaunted, penniless, they worked their way, until time came when other men tried to buy their timber land; but now they waited, and into the value of it came Horatio Walker, boy of the hills, who dreamed of pictures, and all untaught, encouraged by his father as an amateur, lives today a master.

The youthful Walker was not bright at books. He lived at Listowel, Ontario; played cricket and lacrosse, while to him some heritage of nature brought a passion for the hills and valleys, bright meadows where cattle grazed and shores of rivers where swine, lean razor-backs, grew large and raised litters. His schooling progressed slowly -no college life for him—and yet there grew in him a haunting worship of the classics. *He read the ancient land as on the face of God he found life beautiful.* There came to him the power to apprehend the art of Turner, of Homer, of Archimedes, of Michelangelo, of Velasquez, the history of the Gods. These were the neighbors of his thought. These things his soul drank in, this painter of peasants in this day of communists. They were a dream of reality. Oh, you, to whom is given the privilege to enjoy, why breed the experience of fear? *Peasant or purple robe, but life, real life, and men who smile back to God!*

Walker loved his land, and once he walked from L'Epiphanie, a little village close to Montreal, to Quebec. Starting in May, 1880, he arrived in November. Here some three hundred years ago had settled peasants of France and Holland; their farms as old as the hills, almost the first on this continent. Through hamlet and pass to farm, to talk, to look, to drink of the placid river or the sunset glow; under thatched roofs to sleep and to dream of the glory of a land powerful in the hands of man it makes for art, this riotous landscape tamed. As the young artist traveled, he surveyed the land, spied out its beauties, painted and sketched and discovered rare spots that would call him back; wild turkeys in the clearings; on the lakes, wild ducks, and here and there the owners of a great commonwealth, simple individuals, who lived, who worked, had children, slept, and in the busy hours of their occupation still had time to reverence miracles of life. On this trip he first met hogs, forming a life-long admiration for them. They seemed to him to be artistic, beautiful.

One day Walker came to New York. He was long on pork, but no one would buy his pigs until in an exhibition he sold one. It brought him seventy-five dollars, this picture of a pig. What matters it if a little later it was sold on Fifth Avenue for four thousand dollars. Soon he sold pictures of French-Canadian peasants, peasants out of days gone by, Normans of centuries ago. The peasant and his animals—these are of Walker's art immortal. They speak of a time when even a match was unknown. There were no art schools, but, as Walker says, "You can teach the trade; art can't be taught." *Yes, the chemistry you may learn in schools and from books, but not the spirit of dreams.*

Art can not be taught, yet he who paints must know the permanence of color, as Walker knows it. When you talk of this, you strike a ringing

note, for this painter of the North believes the pictures that many are doing will not last. They use anything, any new color, and just paint. It may be good, or it may not. The times grow superficial because we pass through no drudgery. "How to do a picture that will last"—that is a painter's problem. Even washing of brushes is important; a little soap left among the hairs will mix next day with the color in a measure. It would make the old fellows turn in their graves. "There is no easy road to geometry." The college boy just graduated would preside over the destiny of a world. A certain school of moderns advises: "A pencil or a brush, and any surface; you will produce art." Not so with Walker. First he prepares his canvas, soaking it in water, and applies white lead with a palette knife—no size, no glue. The water prevents the oil from entering into the linen, and the resultant surface is the finest ground that there is, most pliable, most beautiful. Then he tests his colors for sulphur. A little benzine washes the oil from cadmium, and the remaining powder, treated with nitric acid, dissolves if free from sulphur and leaves no residue. Try fumes of sulphur on steel; the metal darkens. So will it blacken a canvas. All iron colors, ochres and reds, must reach their limit of decomposition to be permanent—raw sienna, burnt sienna, for example. Any oxide is everlasting—chromium (veridian), and our green postage stamps and paper money. Once, I recall, in the potteries we had a shipment of clay that held iron, and on the pure white surfaces of the finished porcelain appeared little black craters to make them valueless in the market.

The tests that Walker makes will interest you. He takes three pieces of glass and paints on them with the pure color and also with the color mixed with white, and then he puts the specimens, one in the dark, one in the light and one in bright sunlight. First he has tried for sulphur,

for no sulphur color is good. He does not like the arsenic colors or any that have copper for their base. He uses none of the lakes. The fewer paints, the better, is his principle. I recall his rhapsody on the asphaltum background—how the Munich school painted into it, Munkacsy and others; lovely medium for work, with gorgeous effect, but so sensitive to heat and cold that there soon appeared great cracks, into which you could lay a match, and soon the asphaltum had eaten its neighbors, and the painting was valueless. *Vain existence! Look back to the masters*—Sir Christopher Wren, Leonardo da Vinci. History is studded with great students who knew by gigantic research that their work was sound. There was Titian, who had constantly with him an assistant chemist, who mixed and tested all his paints that his paintings should endure.

A century after the declaration of our economic independence, there arose in New York the Society of American Artists. Truly a centennial! A grand epoch; a colossal society! From 1877 to 1892 the men of it built freedom and greatness for art in America. Each artist was there. He had but to show ability; automatically he became a member. They met in William M. Chase's studio, passed the hat to pay for exhibitions. Walker tells of artistic meetings; Abbott Thayer, president, too busy in argument there in a corner to call the meeting to order. But what men they had—artistic all, the first great tidal wave of painters in the glorious art of this country Read them—Alden Weir, Albert Ryder, Theodore Robinson, Chase, Kenyon Cox, John Twachtman, Brush, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Olin Warner, Thayer, and many others. *Absorbed, they knew no fact, no cult. Art dominated. If one could paint he was a member at once. Walker was inducted into the organization by right of merit, having shown the gleam of genius that made him one of them, a companion of their order of idealism.*

It would be pleasant to travel on with Walker, as he journeyed over, just about this time (1882), to England, to Spain, to Normandy, where a priest talked with him long and finally said: "You were born two hundred years ago, old Norman friend." He is of the time quite genuine. In Holland, he met the Dutch masters, great water colorists. As he jogged around, seeing things, color, human beings, animals, flat streams and low marshes, willow trees—yes, willow trees—he asked these masters where they painted, and waving their arms they exclaimed: "Hereabout." Fearful of trespassers! Strange, these humans who would try to copyright nature! Studying the folk, they liked him; he was of them, simple, direct, enthusiastic, helpful. *They met up with him and walked by his side easily. He came back "loving nature more for these his interviews."*

A year later he was to marry and settle down on the beautiful little island of the St. Lawrence which nestles under the grandeur of Quebec. His home on the Isle d'Orleans is of sacred beauty. We must, however, draw the curtain on his family life. It was, as all who live must know life, beautiful and exquisite, sad.

Do you know any of the great paintings by Horatio Walker? "Deo Gratias"—peasants at eventide with bowed heads before the crucifix, giving thanks for life, for the sunset, for the dawn to come; dawn and an earth all new, life and a sure tomorrow; they, bent figures, man and wife returning from the fields, the horse and cart standing waiting while they give adoration. *The moonlight falls benignly on the day's work done.* The wayside shrine is not an event in our new highways, concrete and smooth, but far away in the North it is a symbol as it was "on Flanders fields where poppies blow." I do not know of art, but here seems to be something glorious of life, sure of line, splendid of technique. It obtrudes not on

your feelings, merely expresses a mood, a color condition, a light distribution, a structural backbone, and over and above all the spirit of someone's world, all absorbing, complete. Then there are those great paintings, "A Load of Wood—Winter," "A Landscape, Afternoon Autumn," "Faggot Gatherer," "Morning—Isle d'Orleans," "Woodman—Winter." All are of the same quality; crude existence set in a beautiful landscape; clumsy animals, friends of man, which work with him gathering the fuel for a colder day. If you do not love simple minded, gloriously strong beasts, you cannot love these pictures. From the very essence of life rise these scenes. *The day is done and man and beast drag weary feet toward the resting place, hearth or barn, and the telling somewhat of the old, hard, happy, life of struggle brings to you a sense of loss but of sure delight, as if something within you still remembered.*

TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

SHEPHERDESS

Ferargil Galleries

2

FEEDING THE TURKEYS

Collection Horatio S. Rubens

FAGGOT GATHERER

Owned by Mr. Rasinger, New York

LOCK AT NIGHT

Collection M. Horatio de Maurice

HAULING THE LOG

John F. Braun Collection

HORSES AT THE TROUGH

From a private collection

MORNING—ILE D'ORLEANS

Art Gallery of Toronto

GOLDEN DEW

Detroit Museum

OXEN DRINKING

National Gallery, Ottawa, Canada

AVE MARIA

Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D.C.

TURKEYS (Water Color)

Burton Mansfield, Esq. Collection

12

BY THE GOOGLE BOOK SEARCH

MILK MAID—ILE D'ORLEANS

From a private collection

13

PALM BEACH ART LEAGUE, INC.

2 51

A CANADIAN PASTORAL

Carnegie Institute

THE WOOD CUTTERS

City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.

ICE CUTTERS

S. F. Smithers Collection

16

LITTLE WHITE PIGS AND MOTHER

Ferargil Galleries

FIRST SNOW

Gwathmey Collection

THE TURKEY GIRL

Ferargil Galleries

19

WINTER

Ferargil Galleries

TURKEYS IN THE FIELD

Water Color

21

MAPLE SUGAR HARVEST

Feargil Galleries

22

THE RAINBOW

Water Color

MILKING ON THE BATTURE

Water Color

24

POTATO PICKERS

A. M. Dodsworth Collection

25

UNLOADING HAY BOAT

Water Color

LA RENCONTRE

Mrs. D. H. Reese Collection

MARE AND FOAL

Macbeth Galleries

MORNING STE. PETRONILLE

Ferargil Galleries

THE ROYAL MAIL

Over the Ice-bridge, Quebec

SPRING FORAGE

Feargil Galleries

HAULING WOOD

Morse Collection

32

DE PROFUNDIS

St. Agnes R. C. Church, New York

SHEEP SHEARERS

From the collection of Mr. M. H. B.

DEO GRATIAS

OXEN PLOUGHING

Milch Galleries

36

CELESTIN

In the Quebec Museum

37

LA TRAITE DU MATIN

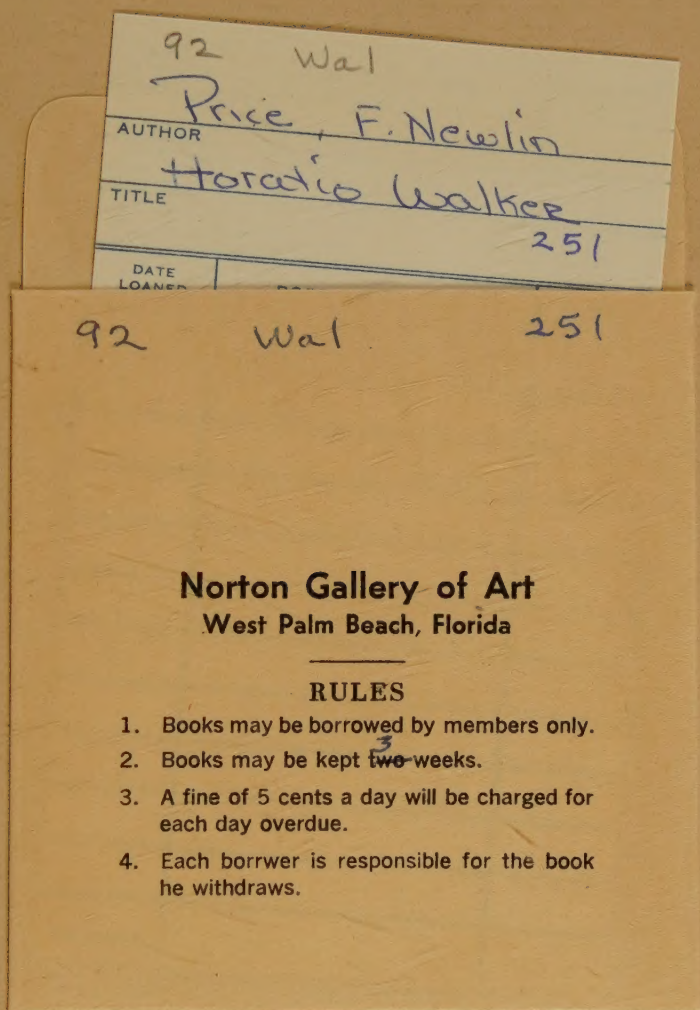
Quebec Museum

THIS FIRST EDITION IS LIMITED TO
1024 COPIES, OF WHICH THIS
IS NUMBER

DATE LOANED

GAYLORD 3563

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Norton Gallery of Art
West Palm Beach, Florida

RULES

1. Books may be borrowed by members only.
2. Books may be kept ~~two~~ 3 weeks.
3. A fine of 5 cents a day will be charged for each day overdue.
4. Each borrwer is responsible for the book he withdraws.

P6-AGJ-310